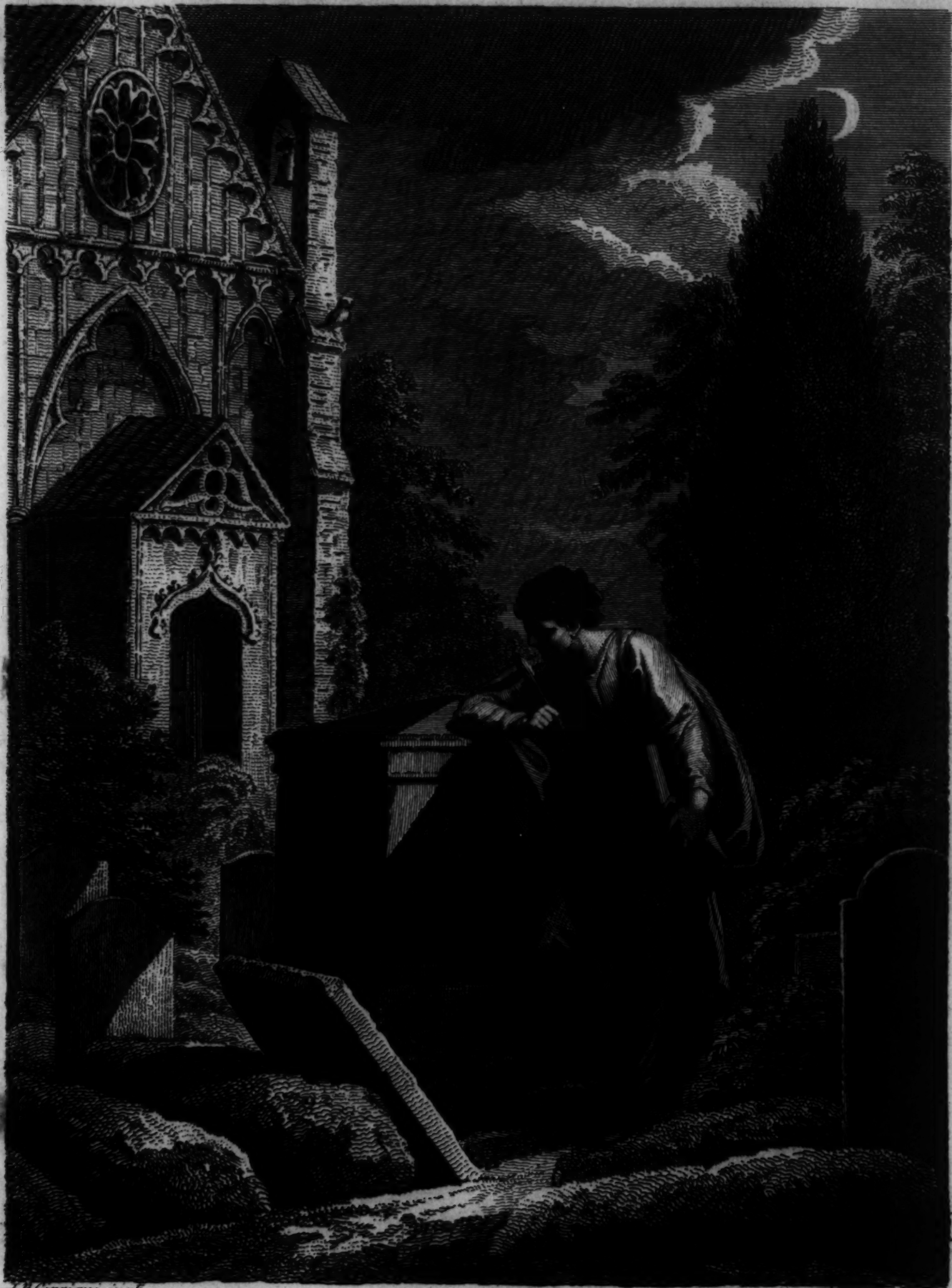




J. B. Cipriani inv.

F. Bartolozzi Sculp.

*Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.*

**GRAY'S
ELEGY**

*Sotto quegli olmi, ed ove un tasso face
Ombra di trite zolle a monticelli,
In anguste cellette posto giace
Ognuno degli antichi poverelli.*

Published 12 June 1782. as the Act directs by J. Giannini, N. 48 Berwick Street Soho London.

78 g 11

E L E G Y
WRITTEN IN
A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

By G R A Y:

R

AND TRANSLATED INTO ITALIAN VERSE

By J. GIANNINI, L.L.D.

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat.* Hor.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for, and Sold by the TRANSLATOR, at N^o 48, Berwick-Street, Soho.

M D C C L X X I I .

F L E G Y

W I T T E N

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

BY G R A Y

AND TRANSFERRED INTO ITALIAN VERSE

BY J. CLARK

THE SECOND EDITION



Printed for, and sold by the Booksellers, No. 42, Strand, London.

MCCCLXXII.

T O

Miss P O C O C K.

M A D A M,

IN prefixing your Name to this my Translation, I do not mean so much to compliment you, as myself. You are the Daughter of the truly great Sir GEORGE POCOCK, whose glorious Name has mounted to the pinnacle of Fame; and I am one who is countenanced and patronised by your illustrious Father, in so far as I have the honour of instructing you in the Italian Language and Geography.

How considerable soever the advantages you derive from your Birth may be; they
only.

only adorn and brighten what you really possess: but your Piety, good Sense, good Nature, external Graces, Sweetness of Conversation, Affability, and your other Accomplishments are (if I may be allowed the expression) your own property, your own right, and will secure you of a perfect durable happiness, through every stage of your life. I will not, nor must I enlarge upon this subject: your extreme Delicacy might construe into Flattery even those expressions, which are confined to the severity of Truth. I shall therefore conclude with my own Elogy, by publicly acknowledging that I am, with the utmost respect,

M A D A M,

Your most obliged, and most

Obedient humble Servant,

J. GIANNINI.

E. L. G. Y.

A COUNTRY CATHY-YARD.

THE Grief rolls the knife of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly over the sea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings all the distance fold;

Save

E L E G Y
W R I T T E N I N
A C O U N T R Y C H U R C H - Y A R D .

TH E Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

A

Save

E L E G I A

S C R I T T A

NEL CIMITERO D'UN VILLAGGIO.

P I A N G E la Squilla 'l giorno, che si muore,
Lento in recinto i buoi traggono il piede,
A casa si strascina l'aratore,
E alle tenébre il mondo, ed a me cede.

Già de' campi l'aspetto non si mira,
E grave calma l'aere tutto regge,
Salvo u' lo scarabon ronzando gira,
E un tintinno addormenta il lontan gregge ;

Salvo

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft

Salvo che con la luna da ederosa
 Torre l' inerte gufo si lamenta
 Di chi presso 'l suo nido vagar osa,
 E 'l notturno suo regno turbar tenta.

Sotto quegli olmi, ed ove un tasso face
 Ombra di trite zolle a monticelli,
 In anguste cellette posto giace
 Ognuno degli antichi poverelli.

L' aura odorosa, che precede il giorno,
 Di rondine 'l trillar su vile tetto,
 Di gallo il canto, o 'l risonante corno
 Non destarangli più dal basso letto.

Per lor più non fiammeggia il focolare,
 Ne massaje la sera sudar fanno,
 Ne corron putti il babbo ad incontrare,
 Ne per avere baci a gara fanno.

B

Spesso

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike th' inevitable hour :
 The path of glory leads but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
 If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn isle, and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can

Spesso alla falce lor piegò 'l ricolto,
 Spesso glebe durissime folcaro :
 Quanto lieti guidar buoi per lo colto !
 Come le quercie a' colpi lor chinaro !

Non sprezzì Ambizion gli util lavori,
 I piacer rozzi, e gli oscuri natali ;
 Ne Grandezza con ghigno difonori
 De' poverelli i brevi, e schietti annali.

Arme di nobiltà, di poter vetta,
 Di beltà, d' opulenza ogni vantaggio,
 L' inevitabil ora tutto aspetta :
 La gloria pur a morte rende omaggio.

Ne tu, Superbo, imputa a lor viltate,
 Se Trofei non adornano lor tomba,
 U' in tempio, e sotto volte rilevate
 Inno solenne lodi altrui rimbomba.

Can storied urn, or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll:
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some

Urna istoriata può, busto animato
 Spirto fuggito a sua magion chiamare ?
 Cenere accender può d' Onore il fiato,
 O forda e fredda Morte uom lusingare ?

Forse quì giace in luogo senza pregio
 Cuor, che pregno già fu di celest' etra ;
 Mano, che degna fu di scettro regio,
 Od estasi produr destando cetra.

Ma non spiegò 'l gran foglio mai Scienza,
 Fatto ricco dal tempo, alla lor mente :
 Il nobil estro lor preffe Indigenza,
 E dell' alma agghiacciò 'l natio torrente..

Innumerabil gemme trasparenti
 Nelle caverne lor chiudono i mari :
 Innumerabil fiori mai presenti
 Non furo al guardo, e visser solitari..

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little Tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er the smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad ; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far

Qualche Hampden rozzo, che col petto a prova
Resistè de' suoi campi al Tirannetto ;
Qualche muto Miltòn quì si ritrova,
E qualche Cromuèl di sangue netto.

Regger fenati alla lor voce attenti,
Sprezzar minaccie di dolor e lutti,
Sparger la copia su terre ridenti,
E legger la lor storia in faccia a tutti

Sorte vietò ; che negò loro il dono
Non solo di virtù, ma strinse eccessi ;
Vietò loro guarar pel sangue al trono,
E chiuder di mercede altrui gl' ingressi ;

Di coscienza i rimorfi occultare,
Spegner i segni d' ingenuo rossore,
O di Lusso, e Superbia offrir all' are
Incenso acceso di Febeo furore.

Lunge

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray :
 Along the cool sequestr'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes, and shapeless sculpture deck'd
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame, and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic Moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On

Lunge di calca stolta dal contrasto,
 Mai lor brame dal ver non deviaro :
 Di vita in fredda valle senza fasto
 Ognor taciti, e queti camminaro.

Pur a difender l' ossa dagl' insulti
 Presso lor erti monumenti frali,
 Con rozze rime, e modi informi sculti,
 Sol un sospiro imploran da' mortali.

I nomi, e gli anni lor scritti da idiota
 Musa, nel luogo d' elegia vi stanno ;
 E molti sacri testi ella ivi nota,
 Che 'l Cristian rozzo ben morire fanno.

Poiche qual uom in preda dell' obbligo
 Lasciò 'l suo caro viver angoscioso,
 E al bel giorno sereno disse addio,
 Senza 'ndietro gettar guardo bramoso?

D

Ad

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonour'd Dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
 " Oft we have seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 " Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 " His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard

Ad amico in partir l' alma confida,
Occhio languente chiede poche stille :
Natura istessa dalla tomba grida,
Resta 'l Cenere pur pien di faville.

Di te, che memor de' spregiati Morti,
Quì narri il vero lor corso passato ;
Se Contemplazion folinga porti
Mai spirito affine ad esplorarne il fato ;

Forse Pastor canuto potrà dire,
“ Spesso ruggiada scuoter con piè snello
“ L' abbiám visto d' aurora all' apparire,
“ Il sol per incontrar sul monticello.

“ Ivi sotto quel faggio tentennante,
“ Che strane volge alte radici, stava
“ Disteso a mezzo dì, pigro in sembante,
“ E intento il gorgogliar del rio badava.

“ Presso

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 " Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
 " Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 " Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 " Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
 " Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

" The next with dirges due, in sad array,
 " Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him born.
 " Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 " Grav'd on his stone, beneath yon aged thorn."

“ Presso quel bosco or con sogghignò in volto,
“ Concetti sussurrando errava, or quale
“ Uom derelitto di mestizia involto,
“ Or vinto nell' amor dal suo rivale.

“ Veder una mattina nol potei
“ Al pian, ne presso al arbor suo diletto ;
“ Successe l' altra, ne ritrovoss' ei
“ Vicino al fonte, al poggio, ne al boschetto:

“ La terza lento co' dovuti lai
“ Lo vedemmo portar in funerale.
“ Avvicinati, e leggi (che tu 'l fai)
“ Sotto quel spin lo scritto sepolcrale.”

E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune, and to Fame unknown :
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear ;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father, and his God.

L' E P I T A F I O.

QUI posa 'l capo sulla Terra madre
Giovan volgar, e di fortuna ria :

Minerva nol sdegnò per l' umil padre,
E 'l segnò come suo Malinconia.

Ebbe l' animo schietto, e generoso;
Ricompensollo il ciel: più non potea
Dar che lagrime, e dielle, al Bisognofo;
Un amico acquistò, sol ciò chiedea.

Più innanzi rintracciar non si conviene
Ogni suo Merto, o frale suo desio;
Giacciono entrambi in paventosa spene
Nel seno del suo Padre, e del suo Dio.

N O T E S

B Y

MR. GRAY.

_____the knell of parting day. Line 1.

_____squilla di lontano,

Che paja 'l giorno pianger, che si muore. Dante. Purgat. c. 8.

Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires. L. 92.

Ch' i' veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,

Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi

Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville. Petrarch. Son. 169.

E P I T A P H.

(There they alike in trembling hope repose). L. penult.

_____paventosa speme. Petrarch. Son. 114.



T H E E N D.

